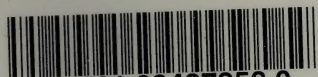
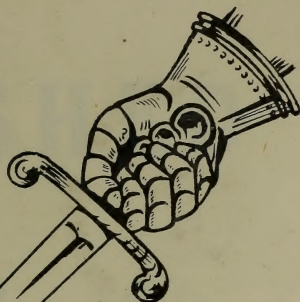


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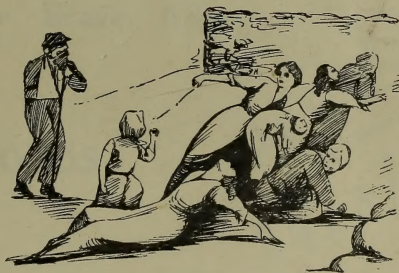
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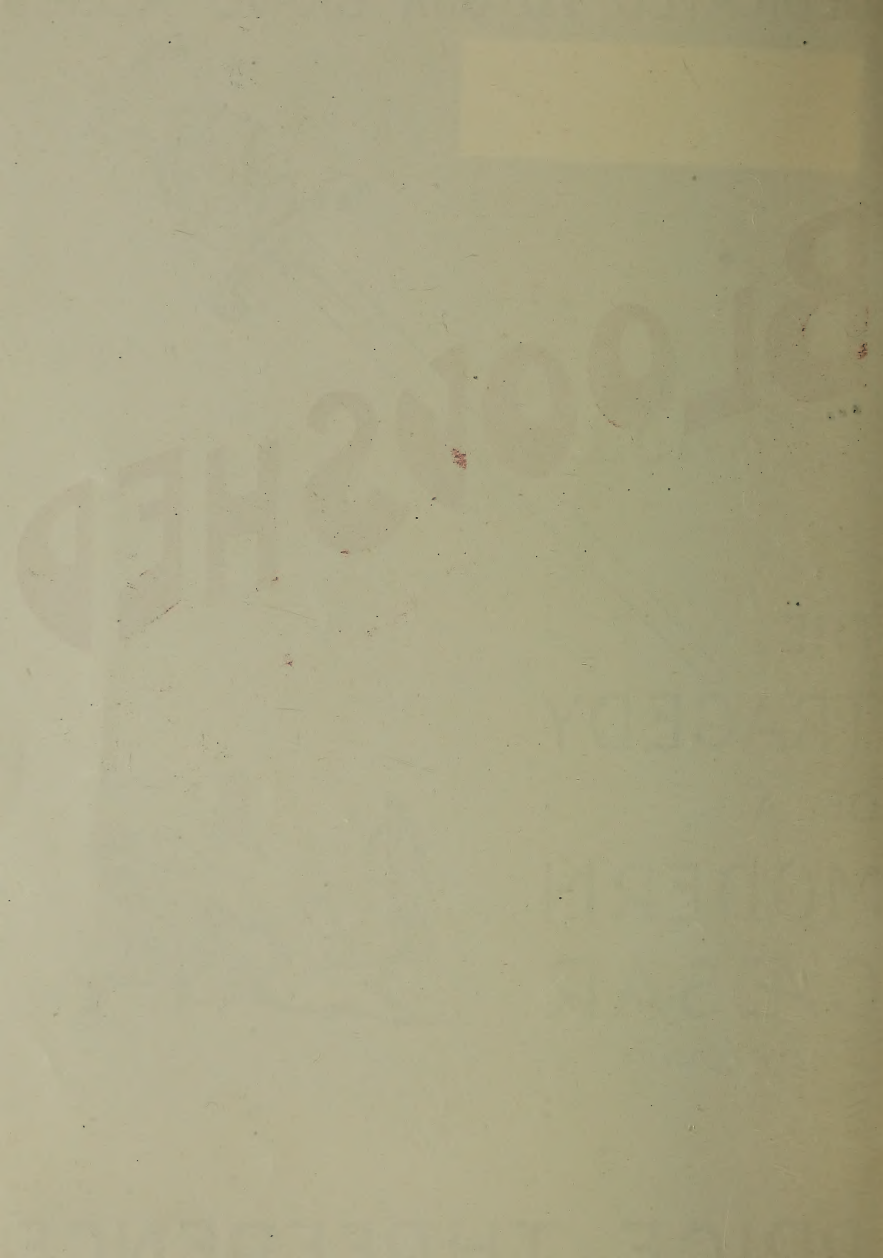
BLOODSHED

THE
TRAGEDY
OF A
MODERN
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By Ignotus



PRICE THREEPENCE



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The Tragedy of a Modern Cæsar.

History Repeats Itself

Dedicated to Our Brave Allies

By IGNOTUS

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The Tragedy of a Modern Cæsar

Sad and gloomy is the picture which Rome of the Emperors offers to the student of history. Looking back from the safe (?) haven of the 20th. century we are somewhat astonished to see millions, whose ancestors were the *viri Antiqui et vere Romani*, submitting to the tyranny of a single individual whose exploits, in the case of an ordinary mortal, would have met with death at the hand of the executioner. But the whims and fancies of the criminals were law—because the criminal was the all-powerful Emperor. About his madness, men only dared to whisper with pale cheek and trembling lip; his crimes were loudly styled acts of supreme justice; his mad pranks were praised as deeds dictated by the wisdom and benevolence of a great ruler. He was the *Cæsar* before whom all human beings were but shrinking, kneeling slaves.

All-mighty, all-powerful Cæsars. To venture to criticise them meant death, to appear to disobey them worse than death. They spoke and the world was hushed; they frowned and valiant men bowed their heads, cowed before their gaze. They grew angry and millions trembled before their mighty wrath.

They smiled and fawning courtiers prostrated themselves singing Hosannah to the most benevolent ruler on earth. Millions had to die for them in order to gratify their slightest whim and mad fancy, and what wonder that intoxicated by their omnipotence, the actions and conduct of the Cæsars of ancient Rome soon became those of madmen, unchecked and uncontrolled. They fell victims to the intellectual alcoholism, or the Cæsarean insanity. Must it not logically

follow that if everything that a man says or does is good, great, noble, right, just and wise, never bad, never miserable, and that if he is never wicked, never wrong, unjust, or cruel, *he must gradually lose every conception and sense of difference between right and wrong, between good and evil?* Ignorant as he is of danger and privation, how can he help falling a victim to his fancies or fail to grow furious at the slightest opposition. And yet unable to govern himself—he nevertheless pretends to be able to govern millions, Empires and the whole world ; scarcely master of his own will, he continues to be absolute master of the wills of millions.

The irritability of the mentally diseased, who is seized with fits of megalomania leads to systematic cruelty if it is not checked, but it is disastrous if it is accompanied by the unlimited power of a Cæsar.

For the ordinary man, his will, and his actions, are checked by the wills of others, by law and society. There are prison cells, lunatic asylums, straight jackets—for the mortal who grows diseased and who, if let loose, could cause the unhappiness of many, but there is only slight control for an absolute master whose fit of megalomania turns the world into a valley of tears. Who would doubt the soundness of his mind ? Who would dare to dam the current of his anger or check his mad outbursts which lash the smooth existence of his subjects into foam-crested waves, and crush and ruin everything ?

There is no hand, no power to oppose his will ; on the contrary he is supported by the abject adoration of the masses. Crowds surrounding the throne, flatter his vanities, and treat him as a superior being *standing above good and evil*. What wonder that his judgment is gradually destroyed and his moral feelings corroded ! !

Let me tell you the story of *one* of the Roman Cæsars,—a story

based upon the trustworthy description of Roman authors—and you will be surprised to find how history repeats itself, 2,000 years later.

The following pages contain the history of Caligula as related in their works by the Latin authors Dio Cassius, Tacitus, Suetonius, Philo and Josephus.

In order not to burden this pamphlet with notes, I had to abandon my first intention of quoting the passages in the words of the above authors where the facts I am enumerating are related. I must also express my great indebtedness to a little work entitled "Caligula" by the late Professor Quidde of the Munich Academy, which created such a stir in the land of a modern Cæsar. I have adapted several pages from the above mentioned work.

Cajus Ceasar, surnamed Caligula or little Boot, was still very young when he suddenly came to power. Dark and mysterious were the events which preceded his accession to the throne—wonderful was the former fate of his house. Far away from home his father had been carried off to an early grave by a merciless death, and among the nation various rumours were current concerning the mysterious circumstances surrounding his death. The worst accusations were raised; and suspicion extended to the very vicinity of the old Emperor. The people had lost (in the gentle father of Caligula) their idol and darling, the most popular member of the Imperial House. The soldiers knew him well and loved him—and the German lands, the districts on the Rhine were full of his name. But the people loved him not only because he was a hero—but because of his kind disposition, of his family life, of the number of his children, his simple mode of life. His equanimity and friendliness made him beloved to every citizen and every soldier. As long as the old Emperor lived the Prince was, in spite of all his energy, condemned to inactivity. Had he, however, ascended the throne, the country could have hoped—and rightly too, to see better and happier days, the disappearance of the oppression which lasted over the Empire. Alas—however, with Germanicus, the father of Caligula, the hopes of a generation were carried to the grave.

Caligula, the military son of Germanicus, had at first shared a little of the people's love for his father—although he was very unlike the former. The old Emperor disliked the gentle Germanicus—and extended his suspicions and his hatred even to the wife of the Prince, the foreign Princess whose position at Court was exceedingly difficult, as well as to their children. The old Emperor made an exception for young Caligula, because he was so unlike his gentle father—and

his noble mother. When Caligula ascended the throne, he was still an enigma to the people. Various were the ideas formed among the Romans about the character of the young ruler. They admired his firmness—his capacity to steer clear in the midst of difficult circumstances, but they also began to fear his obstinacy, his inclination to misuse the high power which he now wielded. Those who were well acquainted with Court-life told of the young Emperor's tendency to brutality.

Hope, however, was placed in his youth. Being so young, so the nation thought, he would certainly be accessible to good advice. No doubt, so they imagined, the influence of the all-powerful Chancellor of the Empire would still increase. Was not the young Cæsar particularly indebted to the aged Chancellor? Alas—however, the contrary is what happened.

The leading statesman, the aged Chancellor, lost favour—and his influence was gone. The Emperor took the reins of Government into his own hands, and began to rule. The people were at first full of joy, for they expected an era of reforms—of liberalism, freedom and peace. Thus the beginnings of Caligula, who ascended the throne as the son of Prince Germanicus, who had died young, were full of promise for the land. Caligula seemed seriously inclined to respect the Constitution which had in many ways been violated during the reign of the old Emperor; he seemed to respect public opinion in important measures, such as the Budget and the military institutions. An Amnesty was granted to political prisoners, and the laws which very severely punished the crime of *Lèse-Majesté* were altered. Special attention was paid to the masses in the distribution of food. In a word—social reforms seemed to be at hand! Whilst, however, the people were giving vent to their joy, careful observers felt grave misgivings.

The intoxicating feeling of power, the consciousness that he suddenly stood on the summit, the craving to achieve something great—and above all the desire to occupy a brilliant place in history—swelled young Caligula's head. He was seized, in this sudden change of his life, by a boundless ambition—and it was really only this ambition which had at first prompted him to introduce social reforms. The chief factor was *not* his desire to do good, to benefit humanity and his people, but his ambition and the craving to be admired—and to come down to posterity as a great man! The most characteristic trait of young Caligula was his *hastiness*—which made him hurry from one plan to another—a hastiness which explains his frequent contradictions. This hastiness was coupled with a constant wish to do everything himself! The dismissal of the Chancellor may be attributed to this last trait. The Chancellor advised prudence and moderation to the young Emperor—but the latter took it in bad part—and not only did he vent his wrath against the old man who had been his friend—but he did not even spare his adviser's family.

The ingratitude of Caligula somewhat undermined his popularity. It revealed to the nation the very nature of the Emperor. He no longer suffered anyone to gain influence over him—and we hear of no distinguished men who had exercised any influence over him! Henceforth the Emperor brooked no contradiction and no powerful adviser or Minister. He wanted to be his own Prime Minister—anxious to manifest his own activity in everything concerning the Empire. For such a task, however, young Caligula lacked the necessary knowledge and talents; and above all the calm, prudence and self-control of a great ruler. Soon worse was to follow. His inconsiderate obstinacy, his surprising ideas of reform, his sudden and cruel persecu-

tions of distinguished men had for a moment roused admiration among the people, who saw in the young Emperor an energetic ruler—but the more careful observers already recognised the signs of the lurking phantom: madness. The first symptoms of *Cæserean insanity* showed themselves in the Emperor's enormous craving for pomp and extravagance. After a short while the considerable treasure which the thrifty old Emperor had amassed was exhausted, and means and ways had to be devised how to meet the debts and increase the revenue. The taxations of which the nation had just been relieved were again introduced—and new, often very oppressive and infamous measures, were employed to swell the treasury; justice was abused, and at last it was proclaimed that the property and the possessions of the subjects belonged to the Emperor. His love of pomp and extravagance Caligula manifested in everything, in his festivals, his banquets, and his dress, and especially in the construction of his palaces and villas.

He displayed a mad luxury in his Imperial yachts—and above all in the gigantic constructions. A number of his undertakings, however, remained unfinished, for coupled with his love of building and constructing was his love of destruction. For trivial reasons important buildings were destroyed. Whatever he planned bore the mark of absurdity—and the more an idea or a suggestion appeared impossible or absurd it attracted him.

Caligula's *megalomania* manifested itself even more distinctly in his craving for military triumphs, and both tragic and ludicrous elements are to be noticed in this ambition of the Emperor. On the one hand—*his love for military display was the cause of most disastrous consequences for the Empire and for the world*, bringing about the carnage of nations, whilst on the other it often took a chil-

dish and comical aspect. One day he suddenly appeared before his troops on the Rhine, everything had to be quickly put in order. His first step was a most unheard of disciplinary measure against soldiers and officers—and even generals who had not answered his call of general mobilization had to feel his wrath. He announced his decision to rejuvenate the army, and numerous elderly high officers and veterans were dismissed. Of course, this disciplinarian measure impressed some people—especially those belonging to the military clique, but it gave dissatisfaction to many.

It must be admitted that some of his rules and regulations were right down childish and ridiculous.

•Even more ridiculous appear Caligula's so-called campaigns against Britain. ! On the shores of Britain his soldiers gathered pebbles and shells—and were led back in triumph, announcing to the nation that they had carried off a splendid victory over the people of Britain !

The dominion of the seas was one of Caligula's fixed ideas. We have already mentioned what enormous sums had been lavished upon the Imperial Yachts and Ships. We hear that he often undertook sea journeys—and that he compelled his surroundings to share his passion for the sea. In Caligula's whims and fancies for triumphal marches, in his disciplinary severity, we distinctly see a trait of the play actor, a pathological characteristic of the Cæsarean insanity.

This trait was not limited to military comedy and parade. Roman contemporary authors tell of his passion for the theatre and the circus, and it is said that the Emperor himself occasionally acted some part, and often disguised himself, assuming masks of the various divinities. He expected everyone to admire his histrionic talents.

This craving for histrionic display may be explained on the one hand by a morbid fantastic inclination of the child to amalgamate imagination and reality—and on the other by the mad desire to excel in every branch of human activity—a desire which, thanks to his position of absolute ruler, he could gratify.

Another field upon which Caligula always wanted to excel and to show off was eloquence. He loved to deliver public speeches—and it is said that he actually possessed some talent in this direction. He was fond of quoting great authors, although he was jealous of them and no doubt would have liked to be considered their superior. One of his favourite quotations was:—“*Oderint, dum metuant*”—May they hate, as long as they fear.

His joy to make others feel his unlimited power manifested itself in all his relations to public life. Nothing irritated him more than the feeling that his absolute power could possibly be checked,—that anyone could dare to check it. And in order to nip opposition in the bud, he spread fear and terror everywhere, so that Liberalism dared not raise its head. The Emperor's apprehension of seeing his absolute power limited made him vent his hatred upon every meritorious and really talented person.

He studiously endeavoured to show his contempt for every distinction and talent—and found pleasure in humiliating great and distinguished men. This contempt for all authority which was based upon profound knowledge of the subject—culminated in his mad act of appointing his horse Consul (or Statthalter.)

Over the motley crowd of his servile subjects—of all ranks and positions—he reigned and ruled in inaccessible divine majesty—which he considered still undiminished, although he often play-

ed the clown in the circus—and in the ring. Caligula believed in his own greatness, he believed in his own *great mission*, again—a characteristic trait of Cæsarean insanity. Not satisfied with being the elect of the gods, he claimed divine honour himself. The Imperial mummer easily imagined himself in the part of the divinity which he enacted.

Caligula's contemporaries already expressed the view that the Emperor was suffering from mental aberration—and it is impossible to understand how historians could doubt the fact. With regard to his physical appearance we know that at twenty the Emperor was tall, with uncanny features, thin legs, broad and dark forehead—and that he suffered from insomnia. A contemporary author also tells of his impulsive, restless nature, full of contradictions, of his lack of prudence and consideration in his ideas and impressions.

No one knew how to speak or act in the presence of the Emperor as the Cæsar could at once pardon the most audacious remarks or punish with death the most trivial faults. His fancies and whims were often full of malice. He was frequently present at executions—and it is asserted that he found a great pleasure in torturing and causing suffering. His love of carnage and bloodshed was another characteristic trait, manifesting the Cæsarean insanity. Blood thirstiness, cruelty and an excessive megalomania constituted his very nature. Rome was terrified—and yet had not courage to shake off the hated yoke. The Senate dared not depose him. At last, when he was on the point of girding his sword to punish a nation which had refused to obey his commands and his will, a conspiracy in his Palace put an end to the undertakings—and to the ravings of the Emperor.

Such is the life of Caligula, the Roman Cæsar, as based upon the works of Tacitus, Dio Cassius, Suetonius, Philo and Josephus.

The disastrous consequences of the megalomania which had seized the Roman Cæsar, the sufferings which he heaped upon nations, the carnage and bloodshed which he caused, seem almost impossible to our modern conceptions. When we read about the life and doings of Caligula in ancient Classics, of the story of the Roman Cæsar who went mad, we feel almost inclined to look upon it as the outcome of some poetic imagination, the phantasy of a fiction writer, and not the authentic story of an historian,

And yet, all I have related in the preceding pages is historically correct. Nay—my story is not only in strict conformity with historical facts as far as Caligula is concerned, but to our horror and astonishment we see how history repeats itself—and how the life of Caligula—is practically lived over again by a modern Cæsar.

The Tragedy of Caligula is being revived. With bated breath and beating heart, our eyes full of tears and our lips uttering silent prayer to a merciful Providence, we are now watching the Tragedy of this modern Cæsar.

It seems hardly credible that in the twentieth century one man should wield the power to enable him to plunge the whole of Europe into chaos, swamp the civilised world by oceans of blood, send the flower of many countries to death and destroy the work of civilisation—and all this in order to gratify his own mad instincts of morbid ambition and his warlike inclinations.

The War Lord, anxious to display the military strength of his submissive subjects, has plunged Europe into a bloody war. Does the German nation as an entity wish for war? Some say Yes—whilst

others reply No. Personally I am convinced that had Germany been blessed with such a government as England, with a Parliament comprised of calm, peaceful and intelligent men, in whose hands lies the power to decide momentous issues; had the ruler on the throne of Frederick II, the King who made Prussia, been a man of peace like King George V. and not a war lord, Europe at this moment would not have become a valley of tears, full of weeping women and children. There is not *one* peaceful citizen in the whole world at this moment who does not exclaim: it is horrid, it is wicked, we do not want war. Now if a thing is bad, or at least of no advantage to the individual separately, it cannot possibly be good to the community collectively. This is logic! And yet Europe is in arms because Europe's peace has been threatened by the Hohenzollern ruler, and Europe must defend herself. There is a vast difference—and I lay particular stress upon this point—there is a vast difference between clamouring for war, for bloodshed and savage butcheries, for destruction and devastation, eagerly and anxiously snatching up every possible pretext—nay, *creating* such pretexts for war—and the reluctant decision to ward off the blows of the enemy. That is the mistake which many men in this country are making. England did not wish for war, neither did France. Our diplomatists and our King tried hard to bring about peace, but they failed because the Cæsar on the *Spree* had set his mind upon war. To him war is wonderful sport, it is a grand gamble, it is full of excitement. What sensations for the senses to feel that at *my* command millions are ready to march at once and slaughter, kill, burn, ravage and destroy!

The man in the street is unacquainted with psychological problems; he has heard little or nothing of pathological cases—of great crimes committed by apparently quite sane men. Only the a-

lienist, the psychiatrist or the specialist in mental aberration is able to decide whether such men are simple criminals or poor sufferers whose minds are unhinged—and who are consequently irresponsible for the actions they are committing.

Now, if an ordinary individual is suffering from mental aberration, if his mind has lost the power of judgment, the capacity to decide between right and wrong, Society has means and ways to make him harmless. Society can defend herself, safeguard her interests. Woe, however, to Society, woe to the world, if the patient, the poor sufferer unable to distinguish between the conceptions of right and wrong, who in his instincts has become inaccessible to considerations of pity and human emotions, is a mighty Ruler. For the sake of one of his impulses, or one of his ambitions, he is ready to spill oceans of blood and heap sorrow upon happy and harmless populations.

Pathologists are acquainted with such fits of megalomania among inmates of asylums who imagine themselves to be Prime-Ministers Princes, Kings, Messiahs and Christs. A man will even pretend to be the mother of God. And history tells of numerous cases of fits of megalomania among powerful Rulers. The difference between the two cases is considerable. In the first instance the patient is locked up whilst in the other he plunges the world into chaos and disaster. One of the greatest factors fostering such a fit of megalomania is the Intoxication of Power. It was the intoxication of power which made the Roman Cæsars what they were, which prompted them to commit the crimes which posterity reads with horror and loathing. And it was also the Intoxication of Power which made other absolute rulers in history wage unjustified wars to the horror of peaceful populations.

This folly or insanity of power has been styled by specialists Cæsarean insanity, *Caesarenwahnsinn* or *Césarite*. The symptoms of this disease are the exaltation of the instincts of personality, the development of pride and vanity at the expense of altruistic feelings, and above all a craving for new sensations.

Few people will be able to imagine vividly the sensations of an individual, feeling that he possesses an unlimited power over millions, and that he is ruling, or is about to rule, the whole world. He grows "dizzy on the summit of the restless pyramid of his power," Fewer people still will be able to realise the sensations of such an individual, thirsting for endless power and glory, who, sitting in his own palace with the map of Europe before him, knows that he has only to launch millions over peaceful populations to win that power. To win—perchance to lose! Ah! but that is exactly what gives piquancy to the exciting gamble. For the attitude of the Cæsar of Germany, the attitude which he has displayed in the last few days, and still continues to display, is the attitude and the psychology of a gambler.

The late Professor Lombroso has already pointed out somewhere, when discussing the psychology of the German Emperor, that he showed those traits in his character which are the symptoms of patients doomed to commit great crimes or acts of madness. This fit of madness, of Cæsarean insanity, has evidently come over the scion of the Hohenzollerns.

Will Providence, will the God of the orphan and the widow, the God to whom the Emperor of Germany told his subjects to pray—oh, irony!—to help and assist him in the crimes he has started to commit; will that God allow this fit of madness to be instrumental in plunging Europe into endless suffering, or will this merciful Providence not suddenly stay the hand of the Cæsar by bringing him speedily back to reason? Let us hope that the tears which have been, and are being shed all over Europe will not have been shed in vain.

